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A COMPLETE EDITION

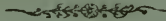
OF THE

WORKS OF NANCY LUCE,

OF WEST TISBURY, DUKES COUNTY, MASS.,

CONTAINING

God's Words—Sickness—Poor Little Hearts—Milk—
No Comfort—Prayers—Our Saviour's Golden
Rule—Hen's Names, Etc.



NEW BEDFORD:

MERCURY JOB PRESS.

1875.



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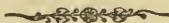
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COMPLETE WORKS
OF
NANCY LUCE.

GOD'S WORDS.

The Lord has put down
In the Bible; He says:
The sin in the world,—
It grieves him to his heart.

The Lord he forbiddeth
All cruelty to dumb creatures,
And helpless human too.
He will cut the sinners asunder hereafter.

God says: "Ye shall not afflict any helpless or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry."

Human, they cannot get into heaven,
Without they do God's commandments, in deeds, words,
and thoughts,
To human, and dumb creatures too.
Consider how you would feel yourselves to be crueld.

The greatest sin is to cruel the poor harmless dumb
creatures,
They cannot speak, nor help themselves,
The next sin is to cruel sick human,
The next sin is to cruel any who cannot help themselves.

The Lord give human his word,
To do justice to the afflicted and needy,
To all poor sufferers, human and dumb creatures too,
To be tender and kind to all

O may our sympathizing hearts,
 In generous pleasures know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.

O Charity, thou heavenly grace,
 All tender, soft and kind;
 A friend to all the living race,
 To all that's good inclined.

The Lord takes pleasure in them,
 Which will not hurt dumb creatures, nor human,
 In not any way whatever,
 Have holy hearts, tender and kind.

The wicked shall their triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony,
 They and their envy, pride, and spite,
 Sink down to everlasting punishment.

The full rank of evil one wants all to be cruel,
 To the poor harmless dumb creatures,
 And cruel to sick human too,
 And take the advantage and cruel all.

The full rank of evil one wants all to be murders,
 And lie, rob, cheat, and steal,
 And deceit, and contraryness, and so on,
 And plague every body they can.

The good God of heaven,
 Will cast off such sinners,
 To their double rank,
 Punishment hereafter.

Poor thoughtless sinners,
 Going on in sin,
 Minding the evil one,
 Their punishment they will have hereafter.

God has given human his word,
 To have no evil conduct,
 And no evil speaking,
 And no evil thoughts.

God wants all to be tender and kind,
Soft be our hearts, their misery to feel,
And swift
Our hands to aid.

This world a place of misery,
Some of the worst of sinners have destroyed my head,
I cannot bear it up, O my misery,
Their heart is made of stone, to do such a thing.

O Lord, my God of heaven, I pray for Thy holy spirit to go in all the needy hearts in the whole wide world around. O that they may be tender and kind to all the poor harmless dumb creatures, and sick human too, and others too. The sinners will have their punishment according to their sins, if they will not have the Holy Spirit.

O Lord, my God of heaven, I pray Thee, enable me what to do, and what to say, and what to think, day after day. O Lord, my God, be with me.

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
Be faithful, just, and kind,
Have tender feelings in your heart.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you,
What you're unwilling to receive
Be sure you never do.

The wicked shall see it, and grieve away,
And gnash with their teeth, and melt away,
The desire of the wicked shall perish away,
And away they will go, to punishment great.

They slay the helpless,
They murder the fatherless,
God will hold up the fatherless child,
If it is His own. .

O God, the father of the fatherless,
 Have mercy on me,
 Deliver me from the wicked.
 God says, depart from evil, and good they must do.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make your paths straight.

Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father in heaven also is merciful.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts: turn ye now from your evil ways, and from your evil doings. Thus saith the Lord of hosts; consider your ways.

I am cast down to the dust of the earth,
 With trouble, trials, and sickness,
 I am grieved to my heart for sin in the world,
 For the poor harmless dumb creatures,
 And for the best human too.

LINES COMPOSED BY NANCY LUCE ABOUT POOR
 LITTLE TWEEDLE TEDEL BEBBEE PINKY, WHEN
 SHE WAS A LITTLE CHICKEN. AND YOU WILL
 FIND MORE READING IN THE BOOK ABOUT HER.

When poor little heart Pinky,
 Was about six weeks old,
 She was taken with the chicken distemper,
 Chickens died off all over this island.

She was catching grasshoppers, and crickets,
 In the forenoon smart,
 At twelve o'clock she was taken sick,
 And grew worse.

At one o'clock she was past opening her eyes,
 And could not stand,
 Her body felt cold
 And stiff to my hand.

I give her a portion of epsom salts,
 With a little black pepper in it,
 I wept over her that afternoon,
 I prayed to the Lord to save me her life.

I sat up that night,
 With her in my lap,
 Till eleven o'clock that night,
 Then she seemed to be better.

Then I put her in a thing, a good soft bed,
 And lay down and spoke to her often,
 Say how do you do, little dear, she answered me quick,
 Then I knew she was better.

The next day I gave her
 Warm water to drink,
 The third day she was herself,
 Got well and smart.

She remained well four years,
 And laid me pretty eggs,
 Then the Lord thought best to take her from the evil to
 come,
 Without being sick but a very little while.

When I was raising poor little dear in my lap,
 And it rained on the window,
 She would look at the rain,
 And put her head under my cape.

And take it out every once in a while,
 And look at the rain,
 And put it under my cape again,
 Up most to my shoulder.

Poor cunning little dear,
 My heart is broken for her,
 She and I loved each other so well,
 And she had more than common w.

That dear little heart,
 Remembered four years,
 Ever since she was a little chicken,
 I know it by many things.

Her dear friend is left in trouble, and undergo sickness too.
 Them that knew me once, know—me—no—more,
 Her death renewed me to seek for God,
 To land in heaven hereafter.

NANCY LUCE

West Tisbury, Dukes County, Mass., 1872.

PRAYER.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, my God of heaven,
 Grant me I beseech Thee, O Lord,
 Send Thy holy spirit into all the needy hearts,
 In the whole wide world around,
 Convince them of sin, give them the holy spirit,
 O that they may be kind and tender
 To the poor harmless dumb creatures,
 They cannot speak, nor help themselves,
 O Lord, prepare the inhabitants of the earth
 To live in this world and in the world to come.
 O Lord, I beseech Thee, protect me from committing sin,
 O Lord, help me to watch and pray,
 O Lord, I give Thee thanks for what blessings I have,
 O Lord, can thou deliver me from sickness, trouble and
 trials?
 O Lord, stand my friend in this world and in the world
 to come.
 O Lord, that the professing inhabitants may not fall back
 And go to sinning again. O that they may be true
 Christians,
 The holy spirit, love and tender kindness for dumb
 creatures
 And human too, love God and land in heaven,

O Lord, enable me to have the holy spirit all the days of
 my life,
 O Lord, grant me I beseech Thee,
 I pray for Thy kingdom to come, to destroy all sin,
 For the poor harmless dumb creatures,
 And for sick human too.
 And for all the troubled in the wide world round,
 Human and dumb creatures too,
 For thine is the kingdom and the glory forever. Amen.

SICKNESS.

Sickness distressing, by trouble and trials,
 Walk, stir, or do a little in the house,
 It hurts me very bad,
 And I cannot ride to have comfort.

My head a misery place all of my time,
 And part of my time in great misery,
 And noise sets my head
 In a dreadful condition.

Most nothing hurts me,
 And most nothing beats me out,
 I am dreadful worn down with long sickness,
 And trials, and sometimes trouble too.

Sick I do feel all my whole time,
 And misery feelings from head to feet.
 A number of years,
 I have undergone great sickness.

Some of my diseases are cured a few years ago,
 And some of them helped some,
 And some of them patched along,
 And some of them not any better at all,
 But I am dreadful wore down with long sickness.

A common thing in my sickness,
Milk my cow, take care of my hens,
In such misery, I felt as if I must fall at every step,
But I must do it, I must do it.

Oh, Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be.
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickning powers,
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

POOR LITTLE HEARTS.

A sketch of two Poor little Banties,
They died with old age, over twelve years ago,
Poor little Ada Queetie died over thirteen years ago, in
1858.

Poor little Beauty Linna died over twelve years ago, in
1859.

O my Poor deceased little Ada Queetie,
She knew such a sight, and her love and mine,
So deep in our hearts for each other,
The parting of her and her undergöing sickness and death,
O heart rending!

She and I could never part,
Do consider the night I was left,
What I underwent, no tongue could express,
Weeping the whole night through.

Poor little Ada Queetie's sickness and death,
Destroyed my health at an unknown rate,
With my heart breaking and weeping,
I kept fire going night after night, to keep Poor little
dear warm,
I kept getting up nights to see how she was,
And see what I could do for her.

Three her last days and nights,
 She breathed the breath of life here on earth,
 She was taken down very sick, then I was up all night
 long,

The second night I was up till I was going to fall,
 Then I fixed her in her box warm, close by the fire,
 Put warm clothes under, over and around,
 And left fire burning and lay down, with all my clothes on,
 A very little while, and got up and up all the time.

The third night I touched no bed at all,
 Poor little heart, she was struck with death at half past
 eleven o'clock.

She died in my arms at twelve o'clock at night, O heart
 rending!

I could been heard to the road, from that time till daylight,
 No tongue could express my misery of mind.

She had more than common wit,
 And more than common love,
 Her heart was full of love for me,
 O do consider my Poor little heart.

She was my dear and nearest friend, to love and pity me,
 And to believe that I was sick,
 She spoke to me, and looked at me most all the time,
 And could not go from me.

Poor little heart, she used to jump down to the door to
 go out,

She would look around, and call to me to go with her,
 She found I could not go, she would come in again,
 She loved her dear friendly so well she could not go out
 and leave me.

O my dear beloved little heart, she was my own heart
 within me,

When she was well and I was sick, and made out to sit
 in my chair,

She knew I was sick, because I didn't say but a very
 little to her.

She would stand close to me all the time,
 And speak to me, I could not take her eyes off my face,
 And look as grieved as if her heart must break,

She was so worried for me,
 And if I was forced to lay down,
 Then she was more worried than ever.

When Poor little heart happened to be out the room,
 And I was forced to lay down,
 She would come and peek at me, and take on,
 As if her heart must break,
 And come straight to me and lament my cause,
 And would not go from me,
 Her feelings was so deeply rooted in her heart for me.

They was brought from Chilmark to New Town,
 And remained there one year
 For me to get able to take care of them.
 And then they was brought to me.

Poor little Ada Queetie,
 She used to do everything I told her,
 Let it be what it would,
 And knew every word I said to her. -

If she was as far off as across the room,
 And I made signs to her with my fingers,
 She knew what it was,
 And would spring quick and do it.

If she was far off and I only spoke her name,
 She would be sure to run to me quick,
 Without wanting anything to eat.

She would do 54 wonderful cunning things,
 Poor Sissy would do 39,
 They would do part of them without telling,
 And do all the rest of them with telling.

I use to dream distressing dreams,
 About what was coming to pass,
 And awoke making a dreadful noise,
 And Poor little Ada Queetie was making a mournful
 noise,

She was so worried for me,
 Then I would speak to her and say: little dear,
 Nothing ails you friendly.
 Then she would stop and speak a few pretty words to me.

She use to shake my cape, with all her strength and
 might,
 Every time I told her,
 They would both put one foot into my hand,
 Every time I told them,
 They would both scratch my hand, and peck on my cap,
 Every time I told them.

When some one used to happen to shut them out the
 room,
 They would take on at a dreadful rate,
 I let them straight in, and as soon as the person was gone,
 Poor little Ada Queetie would not keep out of my lap,
 Squeezing me close up, talking to me,
 And Poor little Beauty Linna would not keep off my
 shoulders,
 With her face squeezed close to my face, talking to me,
 They was so glad they got back in this room with me,
 And I wasn't hurt and carried away.

Consider those dear hearts, that loved me so well,
 And depended all on me to be their true friend.

Poor little Beauty Linna, departed this life,
 My hands around her by the fire, my heart aching,
 I wept steady from that time, till next day,
 I took the best of care of her, days and nights,
 I did everything could be done,
 I did the best I could do,
 I sat up nights with her, till it made me very lame,
 Then I fixed her in her bed, warm, close by the fire,
 Put warm clothes under, over and around,
 And left fire burning and lay down with all my clothes on,
 And got up very often with her, and sat up as long as I
 could.

I never took off none of my clothes for 18 days and nights.

Poor little heart, never can call me back no more,
 When I go out the room,
 She did it as long as she was able,
 For eight months after Poor Sissy's decease,
 She would not let me go out the room,
 Called me straight back, as soon as I went out.

I fed her with a teaspoon in her sickness,
 Good milk and nutmeg, and good porridge,
 And so I did Poor Sissy.

I made fire days and nights,
 To keep Poor Beauty Linna warm,
 The day before Poor little dear was taken away,
 She opened her eyes and looked me up into my face,
 For the last time, O heart melting,
 Poor little Beauty Linna,
 She could not have the wind to blow on her,
 All her last summer through,
 She would keep out the wind.

A mournful scene it was to me,
 To see their breath depart,
 Consider soon my time will come,
 And I must follow on.

Anxiety of mind will keep any one up and doing,
 If they have a friend sick,
 If their own health is very miserable.

No one here on earth can know,
 But only them that knows,
 How hard it is to undergo trouble and sickness.

When I am taken away,
 I must be buried to the east side,
 Of my Poor little dears' graves.

Poor little Beauty Linna, she remembered Poor Sissy,
 For eight months after Poor Sissy's decease,
 I know it by many things.

They would always have the best of good cake,
 And best of good wheat, brought from the west.

When they was both alive, and I had fire in the north
 room,
 And it came up too cold for them,
 They would go in the east room, and call me to come to
 them,

They would stand side and side, and look at the fire
 place, and look at me,
 Deaning me to make fire there for them,
 Then I would make fire there, and they and I sat down
 together,
 Now they are gone and I am left broken hearted.

When Poor little Ada Queetie
 Departed this life,
 That was the first cause
 Of my seeking for God.
 The path of sorrow,
 And that path alone,
 Leads to the land
 Where sorrows are unknown.

The sick, the troubled, God hears when they complain,
 And all the sons of grief,
 With tender heart, delights to bless,
 And love to give relief.

It is not every one that says, Lord, Lord,
 That can enter the Kingdom of heaven,
 It is them that doeth God's commandments,
 In deeds, words, and thoughts,
 To human and dumb creatures too,
 And love God and hate the evil one.

MILK.

You needn't talk against milk, if you make your victuals of water, what you put with water won't go half so far, and awful eating and distress ailing folks, and no nourishment to it. Make your victuals of milk, and what you put with milk will go twice as far, and good eating and nourishment to it. Milk is cooling to health, and strengthening, other victuals distress my stomach, because I am out of health; milk agrees with me, other victuals distress me. I cannot eat bread, &c., I must have milk to live on or go without eating till I die.

NO COMFORT.

You don't know how hard it is to me,
 Because I cannot ride somewhere,
 I cannot ride, nor walk out, impossible yet,
 I used to ride once in a while,
 On a canter, galop, and run,
 O what comfort that was.

I have had horses to run with me,
 So that the ground looked
 All in black and white streaks.
 There never was a horse
 That ever started me from their back,
 Now I am deprived from all comforts of life.

Poor, sick I, days are very dark,
 To undergo sickness,
 And no comforts of life,
 I hope to have comfort in heaven.

O how much better to go to house of mourning,
 Than to go to house of plays and frolicking,
 Sorrow is better than laughter,
 By sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.
 O how I love the Holy law,
 'Tis daily my delight,
 And thence my meditations draw,
 Divine advice by night.

Touched with sympathy within,
 Christ knows our feeble frame,
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
 And Satan trembles when he sees,
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

Afflictions, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent,
 They stopped the prodigal's career,
 And forced him to repent.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

The Lord will sustain our weakest powers,
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours,
 Against surprising harm.

Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
 I have a rich, almighty friend,
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves and without end.

Human, God is love and truth,
 God requires human to consider dumb creatures,
 What a site of wit they have got,
 And what a site of love they have got for one another,
 And love for human too, if they are kind to them,
 If human are cruel to dumb creatures in any way,
 Or let them suffer in any way,
 God will cast off such sinners, to everlasting punishment.
 God requires human to take it to their own case,
 If they was dumb creatures, could not speak, nor help
 themselves,
 And human crueld them in any way,
 Or let them suffer in any way.
 Consider what you would undergo to be crueld,
 If you could not help yourselves.
 God requires human to leave off all their sins,
 And pray to the Lord with truth, to take away their
 heart of stone,
 And give them a good heart, the Holy spirit,
 Prepare them to both live, and die,
 Without true repentance, they will go to punishment,
 According to their sins,
 The thoughts are the ground work of all sin,
 And ground work of all goodness too,
 If any one is cruel to dumb creatures, they cannot get
 into Heaven,
 They have not love of God in their hearts,
 They will go to punishment hereafter.

PRAYERS.

Our Father in Heaven, O Lord, grant me I beseech Thee, send Thy Holy spirit to all the wicked inhabitants in this world, that they may see the evil of their ways, and have the Holy spirit, true Christians, love and tenderness for the poor harmless dumb creatures, and human too, love and serve the Lord all their days, and land in heaven hereafter. O that the professing inhabitants may not fall back, and go to sinning again, O that they may be true Christians, the Holy Spirit, love and tenderness for the poor harmless dumb creatures, and human too, love and serve the Lord all their days, and then land in Heaven, O grant me I beseech Thee, enable me to have the Holy spirit all my days, and not fall back, and love and serve the Lord all the days of my life, then land in Heaven. O Lord protect me from committing sin, O Lord, help me to watch, and pray, O Lord, enable me to put my whole trust in Thee, that I may be protected from all harm in this world, and in the world to come, O Lord, I beseech Thee, help me through this world of misery, and land me in Heaven, where no sickness, no trouble, no trials, distress me no more, Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come, and put a stop to all sin, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven, For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory forever. Amen.

This world a place of misery,
I am grieved to my heart,
For sin in the world.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Lord give human his word to do justice to the afflicted and needy, to all the poor sufferers, human, and dumb creatures too, to be kind, and tender to all.

God forbiddeth all profaning of any thing, thereby God maketh himself known.

God says, all the horns of the wicked will be cut off, but the horns of the righteous will be exalted.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, my God of Heaven, and let

my cry come unto Thee, Grant me I beseech Thee, O Lord, send Thy Holy loving kindness into the whole wide world around, and protect all the poor harmless dumb creatures from all cruelty till the world ends, O that I may praise Thee for Thy Holy loving kindness, as long as I have breath to breathe. O Lord, I beseech Thee, send Thy Holy loving kindness and protect me from all cruelty, from the wicked, as long as I live. O there I may praise Thee as long as I live. O Lord, grant me, I beseech Thee, send thy Holy loving kindness and protect all the good folks from cruelty from the wicked, till the world ends. O that I may praise Thee as long as I live. O Lord, land me in the best place in Heaven. O deliver me from sickness, trouble, trials. The Lord is nigh unto them that call upon Him in truth. O God, my heart is fixed, I will praise Thee. The Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted. The Lord is righteous, he will cut asunder the cords of the wicked. Amen.

POOR LITTLE HEART.

Poor Tweedle, Tedel, Bebbie, Pinky. She is gone. She died June 19th, 1871, at quarter past 7 o'clock in the evening, with my hands around her, aged 4 years. I never can see Poor little dear again.

Poor Pinky, that dear little heart,
 She is gone, sore broke in her,
 Died in distress, Poor little heart,
 O it was heart rending.

O sick I do feel ever since,
 I am left broken hearted,
 She was my own heart within me,
 She had more than common wit.

Poor Pinky's wit, and she loved me so well,
 Them was the reasons,
 I set so much by her,
 And I raised her in my lap too.

She is taken from the evil to come,
 If I had died and left her,
 She would mourn for me,
 And suffer, and die for me.

I wept all that night, and by spells ever since,
 To God I cried, He supported me,
 God has held me up, through all my trials,
 And all I have to lean upon, in every cause.

If I had died and left her, to mourn, and suffer,
 And could have known I should die and leave her,
 I should have felt a great deal worse to leave her,
 Than I do now, that she is gone before me.

I must be as reconciled as I can,
 To part with Poor little dear,
 All I have to comfort me is,
 She is taken from the evil to come.

I hope I never shall have a hen, to set so much by again,
 From over sea, she was brought to me, one week old,
 I raised her in my lap,
 She loved me dreadful dearly.

She would jam close to me,
 Every chance she could get,
 And talk to me, and want to get in my lap,
 And set down close.

And when she was out from me,
 If I only spoke her name,
 She would be sure to run to me quick,
 Without wanting anything to eat.

She placed her whole affections on me ;
 When she was alive, and saw me to the east window,
 She would put her head through the pickets,
 And look at me, as long as she could see my face.

She had more wit than any hen I ever knew,
 Poor, sweet little dear, down in her silent grave,
 Turning to dust, O heart rending,
 I never can see her again.

God is supporting me under my trouble,
 He took away my dear friend,
 He has done it for the best,
 It is all right and just.

But, O it was heart rending,
 For that Poor little heart,
 To undergo death,
 And for me to part with her.

When overwhelmed with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift my eyes.

This world a place of misery,
 O Lord land me in heaven,
 That Holy, happy place,
 When I bid adieu to this vain world.

Blessed are they,
 Which have feelings to melt,
 For the poor harmless dumb creatures,
 And for sick human too.

And for all the troubled,
 In the wide world around,
 Human and dumb creatures too,
 Great sympathy and love, they will have from the Lord.

I must be as reconciled as I can,
 To part with Poor little dear,
 It is all for the best, &
 From the evil to come.

She was sick and died very sudden,
 Only two hours and a quarter,
 About fifteen minutes dying.
 Bloody water pouring out her mouth,
 And her breath agoing, Poor little heart.

O dreadful melancholy I do feel for my dear,
 She laid eggs till three days before her death,
 She laid the most eggs, this four years around,
 Than any hen I have on earth.

Soon my turn will come, and I must follow on,
 I hope to land on that blest shore,
 Where no sickness, no trouble, no trials,
 Distress me no more.

My heart is fix'd on Thee, my God,
 I rest my hope on Thee alone,
 Christ wept so much himself,
 He counts, and treasures up my tears.

Prayer an answer will obtain,
 Through the Lord a little delay;
 None shall seek his name in vain,
 None be empty sent away.

The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
 Whom sinners treat with scorn,
 The meek, that lie despised in dust,
 Salvation shall adorn.

Blest are the meek who stand afar,
 From rage and passion, noise and war,
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

To God I cried when troubles rose,
 He heard me and subdued my foes,
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffused through all my soul.

Consider how distressing sickness is to undergo,
 And how distressing in many ways,
 My parents' sickness, a number of years,
 Caused them to sell cows, oxen, horses, and sheep,
 English meadow, clear land, and wood land,
 Consider how distressing sickness is in many ways.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Be you to others kind and true,
 As you'd have others be to you,
 And never do nor say to them,
 Whate'er you would not take again.

HEN'S NAMES.

TEEDIE LETE,	PHEBEA PEADEO,
LETOOGIE TICKLING,	JAATIE JAFY,
REANTY FYFANTE,	SPEACKEKEY LEPURLYO,
PONDY LILY,	KALALLYPHE ROSEIEKEY,
TEALSAY MEBLOOMIE,	LEVENDY LUDANDY,
APPE KALEANYO,	MELEANY TEATOLLY,
ATERRYRYREE ROSEENDY,	VAILATEE PINKOATIE.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, my God of Heaven, Grant me I beseech Thee O Lord, I pray for Thy Kingdom to come, to ease this misery world, it is now a place of misery, for some human, and some poor harmless dumb creatures, Thy Kingdom come, be no more dying, no sickness, no crying, no misery of no kind, The sinners have their punishment for their sins.

Thy Kingdom come. Amen.

NANCY LUCE.

West Tisbury, Dukes Co., Mass., 1871.

HENS--THEIR DISEASES AND CURE.

Human, do understand how to raise up sick hens to health. Some folks do not know how to doctor hens, they doctor them wrong, it hurts them, and it is dreadful cruel to let them die. It is as distressing to dumb creatures to undergo sickness, and death, as it is for human, and as distressing to be crueld, and as distressing to suffer. God requires human to take good care of dumb creatures, and be kind to them, or not keep any. Now do understand, and I will tell you exact.

STOPPAGE IN STOMACH.—If a hen has stoppage in her stomach, her corn stops in her crop, hard and swell large, and she sick, first work with your fingers carefully, get it soft, then take a small teaspoon and measure it full of epsom salts, and dissolve it in water, and give it to her with a teaspoon; you must keep to work with your fingers often, to keep it from hardening again, and the next day, if her breath smells bad, there is a rottenness in her stomach, then give her most as much of epsom salts again. Put a little flour porridge in her mouth with a teaspoon, three times a day, and a little soaked cracker, soaked in water; put a little in her mouth if she can swallow it, in five days she eat with the hens and be well. This is the way I cure them. Folks bring hens to me in this disease, to the point of death, been sick a long time, I cure them in five days; they must not have not any milk in this disease, it will kill them, do as I tell you and you can cure them. Once in a great while one of my hens have stoppage in their stomach; I cure them with only my fingers, because I take her as soon as the corn stops. Milk does not agree with hens in sickness nor health, it keeps up in their stomach, and they vomit it up. I think strange it does not agree with hens, because milk is so good for human. You must not give your hens any castor oil, nor rhubarb, in not any disease whatever; it is poison for them, my reason tells me so, and I hear of folks killing their hens by giving them such stuff. My hens all keep healthy, because I keep them clean, and keep victuals and clean water standing

by them, and take good care of them. I can cure a good many diseases for hens, but I cannot cure every disease. Every once in a while a sick hen is brought to me, to the point of death, been sick a great while, most dead, some ail one disease, some ail a number of diseases; I receive them into my care, I doctor them, and take care of them, I raise them up to health, I am unable to do anything, but I must take pity.

FROTH IN THROAT.—If a hen has froth in her throat and crop, measure a small teaspoonful of epsom salts, dissolve it, put in a little black pepper, and give it to her with a teaspoon, it will cure this disease; but if she make a screaming noise with it, and distressed with it, then a sore growing in her, then no cure.

GAPES.—If a hen or chicken gapes a great deal, and sick, and complains of her throat, make pills of black pepper, cream, white flour, and put a pill in her mouth and make her swallow it till she takes down enough; the black pepper kills the worms. I cure them so.

BAG STONE.—This is a seldom case, I have known this case once in a while. If a hen has a bag of stones grow in her, hang down under her, you must give her the best of good cake to eat, the stones will consume in a few weeks, then she will eat corn and oats with the hens, and lay you eggs; but if you do not give her the best of cake she will certainly die, she cannot eat anything else then, in this disease, but best of cake. I cured them so.

SKIN IN HEN.—If a hen goes on her nest, and try to lay an egg, and cannot, and there most all day, then a skin of an egg is in her, she will certainly die if the skin of egg is not took out of her; some one has a small finger, and common sense, take the skin of egg out of her, then she is all right. I cure them so.

BONES.—If a hen is wounded in her hips, or any of her bones, bathe freely with McQuesten's Extractor a number of times every day, put on a good deal, till she gets well; I have cured a number of hens with this

Extractor, they could not stand nor walk, their bones was so spraint, and so wrenched, &c. If their bones stiff too, then put on Dr. Job Sweet's Sprain Liniment, if any sore, then put on castile soap. I cure them so.

WILD.—I bought a young hen last year, she was dreadful wild, and when one week was at an end she came to me, and let me take her up, she keep still, and eat out of my hand, she remains gentle ever since, and a good hen to lay eggs.

GREEN.—If a hen has bright green come from her, look same as bright green paint, with yellow in it, give her rice water with nutmeg grated in it, and Jamaica ginger, a number of times a day, till it cures this disease. I cure them in a few days.

FEELING.—It is your duty to take good care, and not let anything hurt your hens, consider dear little hens.

BIRDS.—When I step down to the door, the little harmless birds come fly down on the ground, only one yard off my feet, and some of them half a yard off my feet. I give them oats and dough to eat; they eat it. Will they come to any one else? so few folks have feeling.

DIARRHŒA.—If a hen has diarrhœa, and pain with it, you must be as careful about what she eats, as her medicines; she must not have not any corn, and not any corn meal dough, not till she is well. Give her a little warm flour porridge, five times a day, with a teaspoon; her medicine, Jamaica ginger, put in warm rice water, and grate in good deal nutmeg, give it to her three times a day, take good care of her, and she get well. I cure them so.

LICE.—Human, some of them, have lice on their hens, it is cruel, the reason is, the hen-house above the ground, and keep dirty, that breeds lice on hens, and breeds diseases too; have a cellar for your hens, and take up the dressing every morning, be no lice, lice will not breed in

a cellar, I never have any lice on my hens, and they keep healthy. Folks bring sick hens to me, I cure them, and lice on them too, I put black pepper in their feathers, it kills the lice. God meant for human to take good care of dumb creatures, and be kind to them, or not keep any. Do by dumb creatures as you would wish to be done by if you was dumb creatures, consider how you would feel.

Cows.—Meal is good for cows, but it will not do for her to have it dry, it gets in her nose and lungs, and hurt her, wet it; the best way is to scald it, and cool it, does more good. Cracked corn is better; boil it, put on cover, it steams it soft very soon, one quart makes two and a half. Cows must not have dusty hay, it hurts their lungs, &c. Cows ought not to have Timothy herds grass hay, it is physic. Hay ought to be wet.

WARPED NECK.—If a hen has warped neck, rub on castor oil, faithful, a number of times, and give her a little Huile D' olive to take inside, a good chance, her neck come in place again.

SWELLED HEAD.—If a hen has swelled head and face, and blue black, put on Huile D' olive, I had one so, I cured her.

FEVER.—If a hen has a fever, and her crop swelled soft, take a small teaspoon full of epsom salts and dissolve it in warm water, and put in a little black pepper in it, and give it to her with a teaspoon, and give her as much warm water as she wants to drink in her sickness, I cure hens and chickens so in three days, and give her a little porridge with a teaspoon, five times a day, till she is able to eat. I cure them so.

FEELING.—If any one is cruel to dumb creatures, they will go to everlasting punishment, and have the greatest punishment.

SICK, I am, and very unable to do anything, but I must take pity,—dear little hens.

God is good, love and truth, merciful in all his ways. If the will of God could be done in full, it would be a great happiness among dumb creatures and human too. Cruelty is of the evil one. The good God is looking down upon such folks; He will cast them off to everlasting punishment. Human must do God's commandments in deeds, words and thoughts. Be kind to poor hens in every way, and not let them suffer with hunger nor cold; cruelty not in any way; must not affrighten them; doctor them when they have diseases. Be good and kind to them. Think how good God is. Act up to His will in all your ways and all your thoughts too. You must keep your hens from suffering with cold, and give them enough to eat, and keep them clean, and not affrighten them, &c., &c., or they cannot lay you eggs. If your hens or chickens have their crops swelled soft, and a fever, give them a portion of Epsom salts, with a little black pepper in it, and give them as much warm water as they can drink; in their sickness take good care of them, they get well. If they have stoppage in their stomach, their crop swelled hard, take your fingers and jam carefully till their crop is soft, then give them a portion of Epsom salts. I have cured them with only my fingers, they get well. If they have itching feet and scurfy, if mutton tallow will not cure it, then put their feet in a thing of warm water and wash them every morning till they get well. When they shed their feathers, their stomach is weak then, they must have soft victuals then, hard corn will distress their stomach then. If hen's body comes out, put it back in her and see to her, she be well by the next day. If it comes more than half way out, it can be put back if any one has common sense. If a string of hen's insides comes out, with a egg fast to it, break the egg, and take it off from her insides and put her insides back in her and see to her, she be well by the next day. If hen's legs chilled with cold for want of sun, and they cannot walk, take them by the fire and rub their legs and feet, faithful, half a day, then rub on black pepper mixed with warm water, they get well. If a hen iss tarved she must not have hard corn at first, give her flour bread soaked soft in milk, till she is able to eat corn. Hens must not go in snow, it hurts them. They must not have fat meat.

They must not be crowded, their room must be large enough. Their roosts must not be too high, for them to fly down on hard floor, it hurts their feet and hips. I know it. Hens want sun in winter and shade in summer. If hens' feet crack, bleed, and sore places, melt mutton tallow and white sugar together, rub it on faithful, they get well. If they bleed great deal, put on warm alum water first, they get well. If hens' feet swell, put on sweet apple balsam every day, they get well. If hens' head turns over, give her Epsom salts and black pepper, she get over it for a while. If hens have diarrhœa, give them boiled rice, black pepper, nutmeg, mixed, they get well if you take good care of them. Hens must not have fish, it physics them. Hens must not have anything relaxing. If hens have rattling in their throat give them Epsom salts and black pepper, they get well. If hen has her head quiver, and stagger, give her Epsom salts, and keep her quiet, and her food soak cracker in milk, she get well. If hens taken lame in the afternoon without being hurt, rub on mutton tallow and black pepper, they get well. If hen's bones spraint or bruised, bathe freely with Mequesten's Extracter, take good care of her, she get well in time, must have little time for it. This medicine will cure burns, scalds, on human, no doubt on hens too. It will cure sores, put it on when they first begin to come. If anything ails hens' eyes, rain-water is good, new milk put on, mutton tallow put around her eyes, salve made of rose water and cream, put around her eyes. Hens must not be confined in wind, it hurts them, they cannot lay you eggs. God placed us in this world to be kind to dumb creatures, or not keep any, and kind to human too. Consider what a wickedness it is to go contrary from it. I keep cow and hens, I do my duty for them. If hens have watery stomachs give them black pepper, put it in their dough, if they are able to eat it, if not able, then mix the pepper with water, and give it to her with a teaspoon, be careful and not have it too strong, to take her breath. If hens have pip, give them the same medicine, it will cure pip and watery stomach. Help them in season. If hen has swelled throat, put on sweet oil and black pepper, she get well. You must not give your

hens salt, it will kill them. You must not give them rye, it will hurt them. If hen lays soft shell eggs, let her set two or three weeks, she lay hard shell eggs again. You must take good care of your poor hens or they cannot lay you eggs. Hens must be kept clean and must not have any bad smell with them, it will poison them. You must not give them cayenne pepper, it will poison them, it drives a redness into their heads, then they fail till they die. Black pepper is good for them when they need it. Hens must have clean victuals and clean water to drink. Take the chill off the water in winter. Keep good yellow southern corn standing by them, they take a little when they want it, it does them more good, and it takes less to keep them. Give them boiled oats, it is good for them to lay eggs. I give my hens boiled oats all the time, and corn standing by them. I give them some other victuals too, sometimes, and sometimes I give them some boiled potatoes. I mash it with cream for them. My hens lay me more eggs than anybody's hens anywhere, by what I hear. Good flour bread is splendid to make them lay eggs, but I am not able to cook it for them. The bread must not be sour. Keep fine clam shells by them, and gravel sand. They must be kept warm in winter and cool in summer. They must have clean, warm cellar room, you will have double the eggs. Take up the dressing every morning certain, and oftener, if they stay down there days. When cold, keep them in the cellar, when the weather is suitable, let them out days. If cold morning, keep them in till the sun gets up warm. Be clever to them. They must not be affrighted. They can never get over it. I hear what folks do all my days, and their poor hens cannot lay much and they die off. It is wicked for folks to be so cruel.

Be good and kind to all that breathes,
 Act up our good Saviour's laws,
 Have tender feelings in your hearts,
 For all the poor, harmless dumb creatures.

My hens are all in better order since I had a cellar for them, than they were before, and lay me double the eggs. Hens must not suffer with the cold, nor no other suffer-

ings, you cannot have eggs. Raise your chickens on good flour bread, it will make them healthy, grow fast and smart; they must be fed often; I do not think meal is very good for hens or chickens; meal is splendid for cows. If you are forced to give your hens or chickens meal, you must sift it fine and scald it and cool it. I used to raise my chickens on flour middlings dough, it is splendid for them. Flour bread is better. I do not set any hens now. You must not let young chickens go in cold nor wet ground, nor rain, &c., &c. You must boil some corn in winter, and give it to your hens warm, besides other victuals.

Human, those that are cruel to dumb creatures and to human too, and murder, rob, steal, cheat, contrary, spite, deceit, and take the advantage of any one, to damage them in any way, &c., &c., those will go to everlasting punishment hereafter, and have the greatest punishment.

Be tender hearted, be kind one to another, do your duty to those who still live.

God requires human to do as they wish to be done by, In deeds, words and thoughts, to human and dumb creatures too.

The greatest sin is, in the sight of God, is to cruel the poor harmless dumb creatures,
They cannot speak nor help themselves.

The next sin is to cruel sick human,
The next sin is to cruel any who cannot help themselves,
And especially the cruel to the poor, harmless dumb creatures.

The Lord will cut asunder the cords of such sinners.
This world a place of misery,
I pray for thy kingdom to come, to destroy all sin,
O Lord, land me in heaven, that holy, happy place,
When I bid adieu to this vain world,
My good God in heaven, my only true friend,
Has held me up with His arm, and all I have to lean upon.

Christ, a man of grief, he wept so much himself,
 On him I lean, who not in vain,
 He counts and treasures up my tears.

NANCY LUCE.

WEST TISBURY, DUKES COUNTY, MASS., 1871.

This reading below is on my gravestones :

Poor little heart, ADA QUEETIE,
 O my heart is consumed
 In the coffin under ground,
 O how I feel for her,
 She and I could never part,
 She was my own heart within me,
 She had more than common love,
 And more than common wit.

Poor little heart, BEAUTY LINNA,
 She has consumed,
 In the coffin under ground,
 O how I feel for her,
 She was a cunning little heart.

Poor TWEEDLE, TEDEL, BEEBE, PINKY,
 Poor dear little heart,
 Sore broke in her,
 I am left broken-hearted,
 She was my own heart within me,
 She had more than common wit,
 She is taken from the evil to come.

Them that knew me once, know—me—no—more,
 Till all things have their end,
 And they, and I, do meet in heaven.

PRAYERS.

O I pray for my Lord Jesus Christ,
 To destroy all sin, and all misery, for the afflicted,
 For the poor harmless dumb creatures,
 And for all the troubled,
 In the wide world around,
 For all that breathes the breath of life,
 Dumb creatures, and human too.
 O that I may leave this world of misery,
 O that I may see my Lord Jesus Christ,
 And live with him in heaven.
 O that I may meet my deceased friends in heaven ;
 O that I may rise above those earthly afflictions, sickness,
 trials, and trouble. Amen.

O Lord, my God of Heaven, Grant me, I beseech
 Thee, O Lord, I pray for Thy Kingdom to come, to de-
 stroy all sin, be done on earth as it is done in heaven, for
 the poor harmless dumb creatures, and for all the troubled
 in the wide world around. O I pray for all the inhabit-
 ants of the earth to be prepared to live in this world,
 and in the world to come. O that they may be true
 children of God, tender feelings, and kind to dear little
 hens, and other dumb creatures. O Lord, my God of
 Heaven, I know Thee will cut asunder the sinners here-
 after and cast them to everlasting wo, if any one is
 cruel to dear little hens, and other dumb creatures. O
 Lord, I hope there is not any one so cruel, so sinful.
 Thy Kingdom come. Amen. O Lord protect me from
 committing sin.

NANCY LUCE.



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